



FREE

Volume 1 Issue 2 LATE-SPRING EDITION © The San Francisco Street Artist Guild, 1975

ARTIST TO GO TO COURT!

On Monday, May 19, Tom Guarino will be represented in San Francisco Municipal Court by Street Artist Guild attorneys, Brown & Knoll, as he attempts to challenge the constitutionality of city ordinance #4-75, commonly referred to as the "Kopp Ordinance."

Guarino received a citation on Saturday, May 10, for refusing to reduce the size of his leather belt display, which exceeded the maximum dimensions specified in the new law.

Frustrated, like many other street artists, by the long wait for a court date in the Guild's civil suit, filed in Superior Court last March, Guarino, backed by the guild, has decided to force the issue. He hopes his arrest will enable the criminal courts to serve as a forum for the long-awaited street artist/city debate over the law.

Guild attorney, Al Knoll, says the procedure on Monday will be to file a motion to dismiss the complaint against Tom Guarino on the following grounds:

(1) Section 1727 of the Kopp Ordinance violates the California State Election Code, because it amends the "intent" and "effect" of Proposition "J" (the street artist initiative approved by over 80,000 voters last June).

(2) The display size and placement requirements of the ordinance violate the 14th Amendment (Equal protection under the law requires that no part of a class of individuals be discriminated against by specific legislation.), because the new law does not apply to newsracks or kiosks, flower stands, tour bus vendors, or any other sidewalk peddling activity.

(3) The law is ambiguous and vague, because the phrase "Street Artist Activities," which appears in the ordinance is not defined.

Knoll anticipates that on Monday the judge will set a hearing date which should bring the case to court within two to four weeks. In view of the city's reaction to previous street artist busts, however, it is conceivable that the D. A. might evade the whole issue by simply dropping the charges.



photo by Arnold Seidner

Tom Guarino takes citation for violating Kopp Ordinance.....

.....And explains to newsmen why.

photo by Richard Minasali



BEACH STREET CRACKDOWN: KOPPS 2 - ARTISTS 0

BY CHRIS FITZGERALD

Sometimes I come down to Beach Street early in the morning, at 7:30 or 8:00, and I am pleasantly astounded at the serenity and freshness of the time and place. My fixed image of Fisherman's Wharf is of two o'clock in the afternoon, with sunburn and windburn, and cable cars full of people pulling in to replenish the milling crush of wanderers and shoppers, cars moving and maneuvering bumper to bumper at a mean speed of something like three miles per hour, and maybe they're ripping up the street so there's tar and dust and broken pavement. But the Bay must reclaim the Wharf at night; every morning before the shops open, Beach Street is cool and quiet, with a sea-smell that is choked off by exhaust later in the day. There are no cars - you can hear your steps echoing through Ghirardelli Square, then clicking on the pavement.

On Saturdays people start arriving to sign up for the Beach Street Lottery after eight o'clock. Individual arrivals are notable at first; footsteps stepping off a curb, crossing the street, stepping up on the other curb, or a car pulling up and maneuvering into a space. People are sleepy-faced and vague - they gather in small clusters and talk quietly. Towards nine, lottery time, there are no spaces between the clusters; there is a crowd of street artists gathered around the lottery drum.

On May 10, the crowd numbered about 200 potential sellers, and a lot of them were pissed off. "What's all this fight for your life stuff about?" yelled a woman who had just arrived. "Apparently the police came over yesterday and cited some people who were selling in the park. The word is they're going to cite people or bust people under the Kopp Ordinance today..." The Kopp Ordinance... among street artists the phrase is an epithet, evoking reactions akin to those that the Stamp Act produced among Boston merchants in 1776: it's arbitrary and unrepresentative, a burdensome restriction imposed in the interests of a distant ruling class (read downtown merchants).

Gene Agness stood on a retaining wall behind the lottery table and read a resolution of the steering committee of the Street Artist Guild: there would very likely be some busts. Any Guild member arrested under the provisions of the Kopp Ordinance would be supported by the Guild in a legal contest

(continued on back page)

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES

or How to Become a Street Artist in 10 Easy Lessons

1. Jerico Lemoldo, take pen in hand to write of the trials and tribulations of a street artist (mainly me) as he floats along on the sea of life - channelled into the dry dock where he rests today.

NEW LOCATIONS, NEW HORIZONS or
PLEASE MR. POLICEMAN, DON'T LET YOUR
HORSE CRAP ON MY DISPLAY!!

In the old days nobody was a star or knew what a street artist was - people came from all ways and means of life and art and found themselves on the street. A typical line at that time might have been, "Polish? Polish? What is that? I plate my jewelry to make it shiney." Everybody was concerned first and foremost with the creativity of the work; sometimes technical proficiency came later.

As I said (in the last episode of this saga) I used to be a rock painter and when I first started, I (being young and innocent) believed everything I read - for example I'd buy a can of spray plastic sealer which said that it was a guaranteed spray plastic sealer that would seal anything with a plastic coating. Well at that time I was making stoned owls, and when the fog came in, the guaranteed sealer was put to its test. A customer would come by, pick up an owl, and get a big eye printed on his thumb (I thought maybe I should have gone into tattooing but felt that wasn't quite a craft). So I desperately looked for a new way to finish the owls. After reading some labels and asking experts and then trying all the new methods of sealing (none worked) I tried this old jar of common shellac (5 years old - I don't throw anything out). "Voila!" I shouted. It worked.

So off to the streets I went again. About this time people were selling near Union Square in front of Macy's (Xmas was here) and of course Macy's was unhappy - one, because we were taking business away from them and two, because we were blocking their doors. Since we had a court ruling to allow us to sell at that time, Macy's couldn't do a thing about it. To show we were good guys, though, one day in unison (minus the singing) we marched across the street to the Union Square side amidst the flashing bulbs of the press, leaving Macy's doorways uncluttered and free to spread Xmas cheer.

Soon enters... Villain music please... dressed in black capes the Intown Merchants Association (a fictitious name of course, because we wouldn't want to know who is buying whom), saying



HOW THE PORT CONNED THE STREET ARTISTS THE GREAT SUMMER SNOW JOB

BY RON MATHIASSEN

Let me say at the outset that I applaud the legal arguments being raised against the Kopp amendment. In this article however, I will point out how we were conned by an even greater hoax: "agreeing" to recognize Jefferson Street as some sort of foreign country and not set up our gigs there.

To set the stage for this hoax, listen to a true fairy tale that occurred last Spring.

Once upon a time there was this Big Bad Menacing threat to the United States of America and all its territories, who had the gall to draw an uncomplimentary cartoon poster depicting what a farce the then present Administration was. He even drew Richard Milhous Nixon standing atop the White House holding a sub-machine gun and shouting deleted expletives.

The Big Bad Menace then took his big bad posters one spring day down to Jefferson Street and set up an embarrassingly simple gig of a board resting on a stick, occupying a whole square foot of sidewalk at best. The majority of the passing public, with the exception of a few CIA agents posing as tour-

ists, loved his posters more than their President and even bought them as gifts.

Then the owner of a big building looked out his window and cast his greedy eyes in anger seeing the Big Bad Menace selling his "Commie" posters and dispatched his lieutenant to shoo him away, or pay rental for a hunk of unkempt dirt. The Big Bad Menace told the Imperialistic Landlord to ' (expletive deleted).

Soon afterward, a City cop appeared and told Big Bad Menace he had a complaint. The cop (and there are many good ones) realized BBM was hardly a threat to life and property and suggested, "Why not just go across the street." Menace did. But Imperialistic Landlord couldn't stand the sight of Menace even across the street and reluctant City cop had to return the next day based on another complaint.

Big Bad Menace decided to live up to his name. He returned and set up his gig this time in front of Landlord's sacred building and store fronts whose occupants were bleeding \$1800 a month in rentals. This time Menace did not sell. Instead he held

up a huge sign which read: "Beware of Tourist Traps" and "Impeach Nixon." The shops reacted like this was a terrorist attack. The ice cream owner went bananas (which was also one of his flavors). "Can't you stand somewhere else?" "What is this about?" The Landlord's phones rang and rang. The tourists giggled and inquired and agreed with the Menace. Sales were down this day.

Landlord's lieutenant came out and looked angry. Landlord then sent his head maintenance man out who inquired, "Do you have a permit to stand here on the sidewalk?" "Yes!" "Let me see it." "No." "Alright, I'll have you removed." (The permit was the First Amendment). The City police, whom Menace had tipped off in advance, told the Landlord's aides he was full of shit.

The next day Big Bad Menace returned and sold his posters on Jefferson Street and lived happily thereafter-- until a later point in time.

And so this true fairy tale has set the stage for the aforementioned hoax. "J" has passed and other artists have set up gigs on Jefferson. The Landlord is soaking up \$400

a month for a gig on his property adjoining the sidewalk. The "J" gigs naturally choose the free and legal sidewalk. So the Rentor gets mad one day (because while he's paying \$400 a month, everyone else is only paying \$20 a year) and instead of smashing Landlord, Rentor smashes up a few street artist gigs with a baseball bat. A Harbor cop (his name is Al) stands by and calmly watches all this while astonished tourists, in turn, watch this uniformed and armed guardian of the law do nothing. Later the City cops arrive and haul irate Rentor away.

With this ever-so-convenient one-sided fight (staged?), the Landlord screams to the Port that street artists cause riots and are dangerous threats to society, mankind, religion, freedom and they spike mom's apple pie with LSD. In actual terms, the street gigs have brought some honest and much needed color to this ripoff "Disneyland By The Bay" which finds many disillusioned tourists asking, "How can we get to Sausalito?"

There is also one very key point to be made here. Harbor cops have inspected the Jefferson Street gigs in relation to normal pedestrian access and most importantly they have checked AND HONORED all "J" permits. But landlords, not wishing to see

our system of free enterprise get out of their control, have other ideas.

So one fine day a Harbor cop comes down the line on Jefferson with this sales pitch that this public street is "private" property (which you and I own --- even purchased from the State) and "Don't show up tomorrow -- or ever." He goes on to quote from a memo he is reading that "my" attorney (engaged by X number of artists during the "J" battle) has "agreed on" with the Port Property Manager. I immediately caution that this is not "my" attorney. And bear in mind no laws are being quoted. I also demand to read the memo the cop is holding in his hand. No, I can't be allowed to read this memo affecting my livelihood - just believe in this unholy "gospel" as it is handed down. The cop suggests I go down and get a "Port permit" at the Ferry Bldg.

So next day I trot on down to the Ferry Bldg. for this mythical permit if this will make the bureaucracy happy. This port official (which I will keep unnamed for now) does not want to be bothered. But I persist since I pay his salary and he finally relents. "Private" property? --- Bullshit I say. "Where are your signs? Let me see your deed." The conversation is getting hairy and he finally flips out

"Street artists are detrimental to the whole concept of life and profits." Hence a new hassle with the Board of Supervisors about street artists on Union Square, the square being part of the Park and Rec Department, which - although it's part of the city - is not part of the laws. (TAXPAYERS UNITE!)

During that time (it being Xmas and all) a miracle came to pass. The mayor (Alioto - a real name unless you don't know him; then you can't believe it) stood out on his balcony at City Hall, looked down upon the multitudes in the foyer, and said "Let there be street artists and let them be fruitful and multiply into these six areas of the city: inside Union Square, Beach Street (a few days a week), Embarcadero, Civic Center, Golden Gate Park, and Dolores Park."

"Huh?" I said "Where the hell is Dolores Park?" But I was drowned out by the cheering supporters of the street artists.

We multiplied and multiplied until we overcrowded and overworked Union Square and Beach Street. Then a meeting was held and an expeditionary force to check out new locations was set up under my direction. (I think I was drunk at the time and would have volunteered for anything.) "Where the hell is Dolores Park?" I again asked, but was shouted down with the suggestion that we go to Golden Gate Park. (I knew where that was)

So off we went on a bright, clear, foggy day to Golden Gate Park - but where? Golden Gate Park is a big place. By being scientific, however, (street artists are that way I think), observing traffic flow, parking lots, and flipping a coin, we decided on a spot in front of the aquarium, set up, and watched the school classes go in and the joggers jog by.

Suddenly one of our outposts came running over with "A bus load of tourists just unloaded in front of the DeYoung!" So up we picked our displays and ran across the grove to the DeYoung and set up. About this time the outpost we had left behind came running over and shouted, "Two bus loads of tourists just stopped in front of the aquarium!" Up went our displays and back through the grove to set up - \$3.00 and an hour later our first outpost shouted "5 buses!" So off we went with our displays, and through the grove, this time to the Japanese Tea Garden. At this point (I had started drinking beer and could no longer run up hills), I couldn't keep up with the group, and as I collapsed after crawling the final 25 feet with my display on my back, I decided that this was the place. Henceforth I set up by the lion on the left side of the DeYoung emergency exit.

During that time I was cutting and etching glass and had some dried flowers in a couple of my pieces. One day the sun came out (yes the sun does shine in Golden Gate Park sometimes---Dolores Park I don't know about) and I was dozing when all of a sudden a big shadow appeared and I looked up. A horse complete with policeman on top was eating my plants. This was

okay (I guess) but when the horse moved sideways toward my display and started twitching its tail I got nervous (in those days I set up on a blanket on the ground) and politely asked the cop if he would move his horse (you have to be polite to cops on horses - motorscooters are something else though). The cop glared at me and moved his horse away with the following words: "You dirty hippies don't belong here anyway." Humble as I am (if you believe that I'm doing great) I apologized about taking up space in the horses' john but pointed out that I had taken a bath the previous night and that my feet were clean (in those days I had clean feet and even wore shoes). But to no avail - the cop ignored me.

Meanwhile back at City Hall, the Intown Merchants Association had said "You can't do that" (referring to the mayor's actions) and their hired hands (with and including some members of the Board of Supervisors) immediately had said, "You can't do that," and with pressures on the city attorney, he too had said "You can't do that!" The mayor, being out of town, had said nothing - so the Intown Merchants Association decided, "We need laws to get rid of these leeches (Keep us in our place - on welfare of course). So their hired hands pushed thru legislation to get rid of us.

Finally we got a lawyer, Rupert Cantalope, who (just out of school) decided he'd help our cause and his reputation by defending us. The Intown Merchants Association (and their hired hands) worked against us, while we and our lawyer (Ball of Fire that he was) worked for us, until finally the Big Confrontation arrived - in the chambers of the Police, Fire, and Safety Committee. (We are unsafe.) The Intown Merchants Association had their Big Guns out - saying how dangerous we were and how dirty and how we were leeches and rip off artists and defilers of apple pie and motherhood etc. We (of course being innocent) pointed out that we earned our own livings by making our own products.

At long last a hush fell over the room and a voice came out of the darkness - "and now we will hear from the street artists' lawyer." Down the aisle he stalked, 3 inches of papers in his hands, to the podium. He glared at the Board and at our Opponents (cheers from our side); he shuffled his papers, and then he said, "Try to be fair," and walked out amidst the thundering silence (on our side) and the applause from the Intown Merchants (on theirs). T. Franspaw (although he didn't look like my uncle) pounded the gavel and said, "To the Embarcadero - that is fair."

Next: THE SAHARA OF THE WEST or DID THE FREEWAY REALLY COLLAPSE OVER THE EMBARCADERO?

STREET ART NEWS is published each month by the San Francisco Street Artist Guild, Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142, (415) 441-5597. If you wish to subscribe to the paper, send \$2.50 (to cover mailing costs for one year) to the above address.

We welcome all submissions of letters, manuscripts, art-work, photographs, etc. and will take all reasonable care with them, but we can assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Please attach name, address, and telephone number to any submission and include an adequately stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish it to be returned. This edition is published in Late Spring, 1975 for distribution from May 20 to June 20. The deadline for the next issue is June 10, 1975.

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The San Francisco Street Artist Guild is dedicated to encouraging the creative and cultural development of the community by promoting arts, crafts, music, and theater in the open areas of the city; and to relieving unemployment by maintaining opportunities for people to display, sell, and perform their art.

Membership is open to anyone who earns his or her living, in whole or in part, by displaying, selling or performing their art on the streets or in the open areas of the city. Any person interested in joining the Guild should write to the above address or contact any of the following Guild members on Beach Street: Rick Rochlin, Jerry Lee, Dave Benitez, Alexander Stewart, Sandra O'Brien, or David Browda.



this sacred memo the cop wouldn't show me. It is a lulu to say the least. It mentions ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT ARRESTS of any artist and goes on about this attorney "chat" and... "it is HOPED that the street artists will COOPERATE and if not, other means will have to be looked at" which translated means back to the drawing board, but don't dare arrest anyone. This port official even admits; "We (the Port) might even get sued!!!"

Now the conversation becomes quite candid and honest. He mentions where the pressure really comes from and a building owner, it seems, has been hollering the loudest. That "so called riot" does indeed smell suspicious to him as it does to me. Getting rid of street artists is more of a money issue than a legal one.

I bring up the subject of getting arrested and he sincerely hopes I will not pursue that course and quickly changes the subject to go on about some "special spaces" for street artists or even a "flea market" area set aside in Fisherman's Wharf. He has even been compiling a list based on what street artists have visited his office. I'm number five on this list. Nicky's candles is number eight.

Meanwhile the Harbor Police, who barely work for a

living as opposed to their counterparts on the City side, become fanatical-having seen their little kingdom purged of those lowly street artists. Even the lady who sells Apostolic Church non-profit peanut brittle is literally told to take a hike. She shows the Harbor cop a signed permit especially issued to her church by SFPD Chief Donald Scott, but as far as the Harbor cop is concerned, Scott might as well be a Fuller brush salesman, I wait to see if this creep will break out his club and smash her peanut brittle. Suffice it to say that since her passport doesn't have a Port of S.F. visa stamped in it, even this missionary is forced to retreat from this mythical kingdom and flee to the City across the Jefferson Street "border," totally bewildered as to why the Port she owns treats her like a foreign agent.

Meanwhile, I get back an interesting letter from the US Attorney which, while he can't find specific civil rights violations of Federal law, all but advises, in essence, that I should pursue this legally. I also find most interesting an off-the-cuff remark that one of Ferdon's chaps has made... "however, I question the right of a PUBLIC agency to declare a PUBLIC street as "private property." Even the FBI agent who has

taken my deposition for the US Attorney smells a rat.

There are, indeed, many legal arguments from many diverse angles which could make the Port's action and case look like a slice of Swiss cheese. All we have to do is take the initiative. Let's not kid ourselves. Jefferson Street is a public street just like any other street in this City. And we are entitled to sell there.

The summer season is just upon us and the addition of Jefferson Street would relieve the crowding on Beach Street. Incidentally, the side walk on Jefferson Street is 14 feet and 8 inches which could accommodate a sensible gig and still leave 10 feet for passage. So let's not be fooled by this hoax. The Port should be told now to either come up with a feasible plan accommodating X number of street artists or risk the certainty of a judge throwing open the whole street. Even one street artist has the right to a Writ of Mandamus.

I have deliberately refrained from raising the many legal arguments, as there is another time and place for that. But let us just say such a case may well go far beyond the street artists' rights issues. I know of one court decision in a similar situation which ruled public property is indeed public property and it involved a port. Bear in

mind, our Port's present image of mismanagement and questionable wheeling and dealing is hardly one of pride. The Port would do well to stay out of any courtroom..

And let's not overlook the art of compromise. Fisherman's Wharf may lose its first name as they threaten to leave. The place is close to a side show carnival already and it would not serve our cause to add to this. If done well and sensibly, we could add some much needed color. Tourist reaction to my gig and others' on Jefferson was very warm and receptive---we were sort of an unexpected bonus attraction. In fact, various restaurants and other concerns could even "sponsor" street gigs--sort of--"ask me about eating at _____" and a sample menu for a small stipend. That's one of many ideas to make the best of a good situation rather than the worst of a bad one.

We are fools to "accept" the situation as it is now. And the Port is equally foolish not to take advantage of what actually used to be a good colorful situation before greed and bullshit entered. Now is the time to clear the air. Maybe Thieu likes to give up territory. We shouldn't.

(Ed. note: Ron is a former TV news editor here and knows many in the media.)

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STREET ART TAX TALK

California state law requires any person engaged in selling to the general public to collect state sales tax. (6.5%) Before anyone can legally collect this tax, however, it is necessary to obtain a Resale Permit from the Office of the State Board of Equalization located in the State Building on McAllister Street, just catty-corner from City Hall.

After talks with the State Board's San Francisco Office, STREET ART NEWS has learned that, in practically all cases, a minimum of \$100 is required to be deposited with them before they will issue a Resale Permit to a street artist. (To guarantee

that street artists, or any other persons for that matter, will have "at least paid something to the state before they skip town.")

This policy is pretty self-defeating. The \$100 security deposit is such a large and prohibitive amount that quite a few street artists are reluctant or downright unable to get the Resale Permit. The San Francisco district office, by its arbitrary adoption of this policy is playing a role of influencing people to not register with the state or pay their taxes. STREET ART NEWS urges the San Francisco office to reconsider this policy and to begin

issuing permits, either without deposit or with one that is within reach of the average San Franciscan who wishes to try selling his or her own artwork. Street artists are urged to take advantage of the offer made to artists as a result of Artists Equity Association member Eleanor Dickinson's meeting with the State Board of Equalization, as outlined in the following letter reprinted courtesy of Artists Equity Center Newsletter (with copies of this letter in hand, several AEA members received seller's permits without putting down the deposit):

LETTER FROM THE STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION to Eleanor Dickinson, Feb. 6, 1974

Dear Ms. Dickinson:

Following the receipt of your recent response to my letter of November 8, 1973, concerning the Board's security policy relating to the issuance of seller's permits to new small businesses, I asked Mr. Arthur B. Skaggs, Staff Assistant in our Department of Business Taxes, to arrange a meeting with you to discuss difficulties which you indicated were being encountered by young professional artists seeking such permits.

Mr. Skaggs informs me that such a meeting was held January 31, 1974, in San Francisco attended also by supervisors from both S.F. & Oakland district offices.

As a result of this meeting, we understand you concur in the conditions under which seller's permits are issued to new businesses such as professional artists. When security is requested in connection with issuing a seller's permit to a new business, the amount of this security is directly related to the estimated tax liability which will be incurred by the seller. When the applicant has a business location and is dependent upon the business income to meet business and living expenses, security if required is based upon the estimated sales which must be made to meet these expenses. Conversely, when a person is beginning a small or a part-time business and has other sources of income from which to meet these expenses, a seller's permit may be issued without security when the periodic tax liability is extremely small.

When young professional artists are graduating from art school and are opening a part-time business while engaging in other activities to earn their livelihood they should make this matter clear at the time they apply for a seller's permit. Where their tax liability will be extremely small we believe in most cases they will be able to acquire a permit by indicating their other sources of income and the fact that they are established in the community. If they encounter any difficulties in seeking such a permit, they should request the opportunity of discussing the matter with a supervisor in the Board office at which they are applying. The need for security is based on the unique situation of each applicant.

As an illustration of this policy, it is my understanding that recently an applicant who was scheduled to graduate from the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland was issued a seller's permit as a professional artist without security based on the fact he was beginning on a part-time basis and had other employment.

If any situation comes to your attention where a young professional artist's had difficulty in obtaining a seller's permit in accordance with these standards I will be pleased to investigate the matter if you will bring it to my attention.

The Board and its staff have always attempted to assist new businessmen in complying with the tax laws which we administer. We are always willing to cooperate with associations such as yours in assisting persons in specialized activities to comply with these laws. We appreciate the work which you and your association are doing in promoting good business practices among the members of your profession and we will be pleased to work with you in assisting beginning professional artists to properly enter their field from art schools and colleges.

Sincerely yours, W.W. Dunlop

LETTERS

Dear Friends:

Thank you for dedicating the first edition of the street artists' newspaper to my dear companion Frank Whyte.

I wish to correct, however, the impression given that he expired as a result of the automobile accident.

While that event was in itself a horror, Frank's will was strong enough to overcome its effects; in the end it was the heart and lung disease that claimed him.

The coroner's report precisely sets the cause of death as being due to the known etiology, and is supported by his personal doctor.

It is important to me that the truth be known since:

(a) your newspaper is an organ of record,

(b) I have just recently spent several hours, spread through several days, trying (successfully) to dissuade the police department from bringing charges of manslaughter, which they were wont to do, against my person.

I am glad to see that the newspaper is going to be an organ of truth and enlightenment, shunning the harrangue and raw criticism of "the old days" for the higher qualities of love, encouragement, and communication.

To this end the spirit of my companion and I wish you well and salute you all.

Thanks.

Garrick
Albany, Ca.



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25
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North Beach Photographic Art Fair. Fifth Annual Washington Square event, open from 10am to 5pm, featuring live music, entertainment, and displays, for information call 989-4004.

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Tuesday night 7-9:30. Artists Equity in cooperation with Bay Area Lawyers for the Arts presents a seminar workshop on 'artists' contracts, at the YWCA, 620 Sutter St. Free. For further information call Artists Equity at 441-8472.

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Artists in Print, Inc. holds a seminar on copyright law and related issues, as they pertain to artists, 7:30pm, Wednesday, at Blue Print Service Company, 149 2nd. St. S.F.

JUNE 8

Midsummer Music Festival. This annual summer free music event begins and continues every Sunday afternoon until August 17 at Sigmund Stern Grove in G.G.Park.

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First annual Russian Festival of folk dance, choral performances and music; tentatively scheduled for the Band Concourse, Golden Gate Park. For information: 558-2335.

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San Francisco International Kite Festival. The Polo Field, Golden Gate Park.

14
15

Upper Grant Avenue Street Fair: Biggest of the street merchants' fairs.



photo by Dale Axelrod

MUJERES MURALISTAS

This is a detail of the mural painted on the wall of the Paco's Tacos parking lot at 24th & South Van Ness. Joe Bonilla, prominent realtor, and owner of Paco's, decided to commission a Mission district collective of women muralists to paint it after he saw another mural done by them on the side of the Mission Model Cities office at 26th & Mission.

The original price for the Paco's Tacos mural was \$500 with the women estimating it to take about 3 weeks time for its execution. The project turned out to be a summer long affair and the women now figure they made about 35¢ an hour painting it.

But they enjoyed their work and Mr. Bonilla expressed his delight with the finished product by giving them all bonuses and celebrating its completion by throwing a huge free fiesta for the community featuring natural fruit wine, 30 lbs. of tostaditas, 50 lbs. of guacamole, 50 lbs. of bean dip, and music by Salsa De Berkeley, a Latin-jazz oriented steel-drum band from across the bay.

Here are some statements by Mujeres Muralistas:

"I feel it is really important to work, and since it seems that I can do it the best

through painting, that is why I paint, I feel myself not really an artist, but an artist-worker. It is extremely important that art be put in the streets, in the communities, to the sight of everyone. Mural painting helps to add life and color to the drab environment that surrounds us. Our people, the workers, can identify readily with our work because it is there for them to see and enjoy. Our images are our people and our cultures, full of color, life and strength to keep on struggling."

--- Consuelo Mendez

"For the first time I feel our work is being shared by the people who see it every day on the streets. Those who work in a hot kitchen, who go home to fix dinner for their kids and husbands, whose only outlet is the TV set or the drive-in movies, maybe. I feel like a pioneer woman out in space, meaning my own in my own culture, a Chicana. My mother sees the slides of how I helped the girls construct the scaffolding we used to climb in order to paint a large mural 20 feet high by 75 feet long. She remarked that we were really crazy climbing so high to paint, no insurance, no pay, she says I make more working with her

in the factory, as it has been one dollar and twenty cents per hour for a long while. I feel it is worth it, all the struggle and hardship, to be able to express how we feel as women artists, as wives, students and workers, to me this is more important than having a high paying job. I hope this will encourage more youth to be able to express themselves, something we have all been neglected of expressing creatively."

--- Patricia Rodriguez

"I feel like beautifying the walls of the city with murals for the people. Color and light are the essence of man's spirit and so is my painting palette. Color heals and gives joy. As proof I saw the happiness in the faces of everyone, the retired, the workers, the mothers, children, all kinds of people that are part of the human family. They stopped long enough to look and see themselves in the images and radiant colors of life depicted in the mural. I felt very close to the people, an understanding. A few people came up and said it was so relaxing and peaceful to watch us work. Mural painting is a great experience for all and will continue to be always."

--- Susan Cervantes

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3. Jeweler - Casting
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CALIFORNIA VISUAL ARTISTS CONFERENCE

As an expression of his vital concern for the arts in this state, Governor Brown has called for the dismantling of the ineffective, self-perpetuating, elitist bureaucracy known as the California Arts Commission. Consisting mainly of wealthy art patrons and political appointees, this agency in the fiscal year 1972-1973 managed to spend approximately 80% of the money that was allocated for the arts on its own administrative costs.

To replace this fund-consuming dinosaur, Brown has appropriated \$1,000,000 of state money to a new beast, tentatively called the California Arts Development Council. Aimed at creating a more efficient mechanism of providing state support to the arts, the Council has an operating budget, but no operating structure. The task of organizing this new "delivery system" (as they say in the trade) has been left up to the state legislature, with the challenge by the Governor that if nobody can come up with a bill implementing the type of arts program he can support, nobody is going to see the one million dollars.

So three (count'em, 1, 2, 3) different bills have been worked up by three different legislators, State Senator Gregorio, Assemblyman Alatorre, and Assemblyman Dixon. Each author tackles the problem of state support of the arts in a way reflective of his own personal attitude towards art and the role it plays in his life.

This brings us to the California Visual Artists Conference, an extremely well organized event which was held on Saturday, April 26, 1975 in Sacramento. It gave individual artists and representatives of arts organizations a chance to meet with Gregorio's, Alatorre's and Arnett's legislative aides, learn more about their proposed bills, and decide for themselves which piece of legislation would best provide for the needs of the state-wide arts community. The choice of the Exposition Center at Cal-Expo as the location for this unprecedented gathering seemed to offer (due to the panorama of infrequently used buildings and empty pavilions) mute testimony regarding the amount of state money which is squandered on mam-

moth centralized "cultural facilities" which lie idle for most of the year, while community based artists and local organizations struggle, from month to month, to get the rent together for work-space.

In addition to hearing from the legislative aides and the usual key-note speakers, conference participants attended a host of workshops concerning other arts-legislative related subjects ranging from protection of artists' rights (reproduction, etc.) to government funded jobs for artists. The day proved to be educational both legislatively and organizationally as the 250 artists in attendance, after approving the resolutions issuing from the workshops and seeing that the legislators were apparently listening to them for once, also took advantage of the opportunity to endorse third world, bilingual, and women's rights platforms regarding their participation and representation in all areas of the arts.

The legislative aides and sponsors were no doubt surprised by the uncompromising attitude the artists assumed when they chose to

ignore political expediency (and the possible loss of a million dollars in funding) by refusing to endorse carte blanche any of the three (Gregorio's, Alatorre's, or Dixon's) competing pieces of legislation, which were the main fare of the meeting. Instead the participants opted to support various portions of each bill, setting the stage for "promises of further meetings of the various legislators" to work out some kind of conglomerate legislation incorporating the best of each proposal... (hmmm... sound familiar?).

If nothing else, the California Visual Artists Conference, 1975, has shown that artists can be organized, but not to the extent that they will rubber stamp the first overture made to them by the legislature --- what's needed is a lot more work and a lot more input and representation by and for the arts community. All that now remains to be seen is what in fact will become law and thereby outline the role, if any, that the state will play in support of the arts for the next decade.

--- Dale Axelrod

CLASSIFIEDS

WHEELS

Girls 3-speed, \$35. See January (cookie lady).

Wanted: dependable van, under \$2,000. See Michael or Karen (candles).

16 ft. Siesta 1969, stove-oven ice-box, Sleeps six. Best offer over \$800. See Chuck 626-2545.

HELP

Non-guild members to sell ads for SAN on commission. Call 441-5597.

Volunteers to distribute SAN Call 441-5597.

PERSONALS

Lois, I'll be home early to night. Jerry

Raymond Howell, please phone Lois at 558-4263; re: art job. No strings attached.

I love everyone! Sarah.

Street artists have the choice of fighting City Hall or other street artists for spaces to sell.

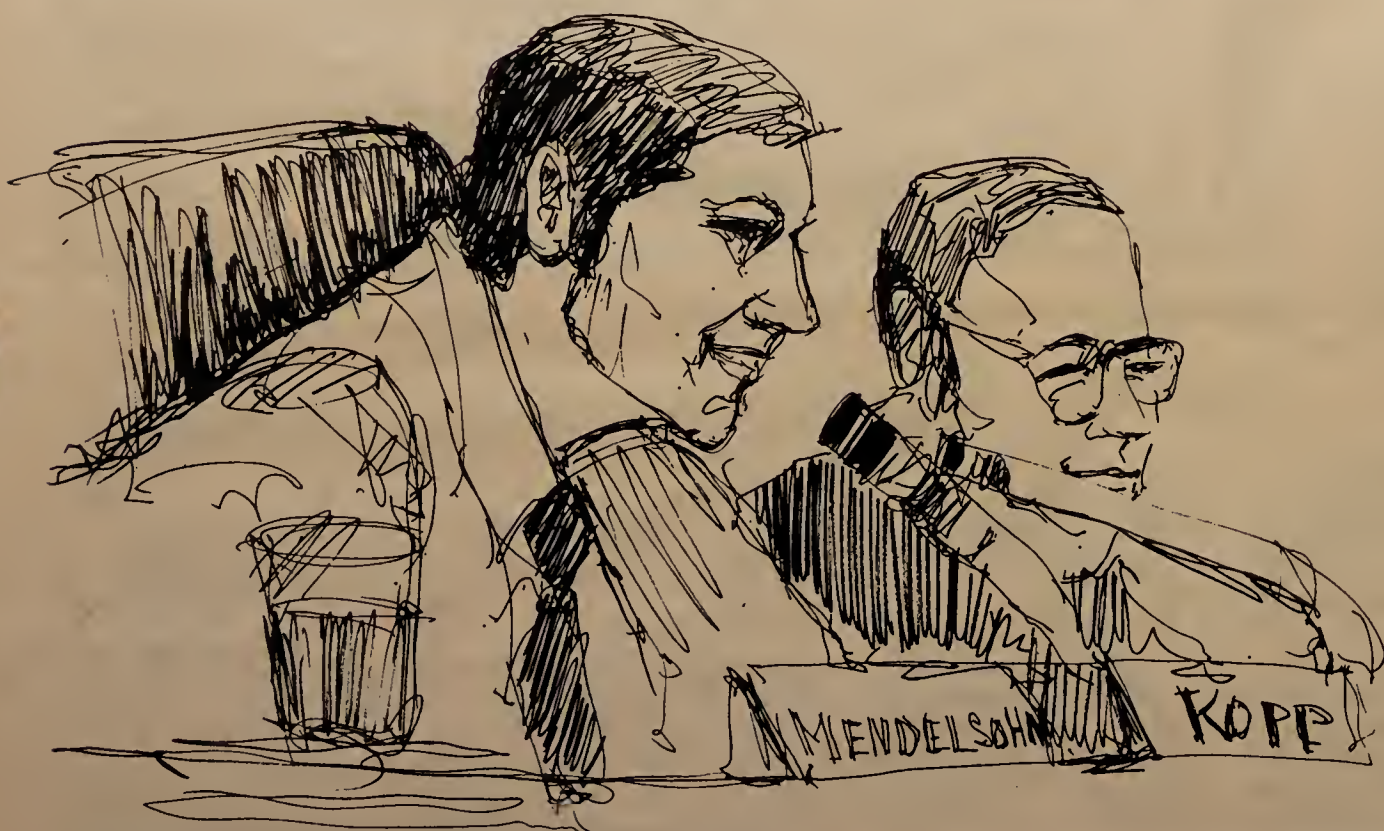
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Heishi: African, Malasian, Caribbean, and Philippine. Halcyon Bird, 391-7668.

For sale: 2 brand new electric hot plates; thermostat; Karen or Michael (candles).

Five gallon & 17' gallon aquariums; all equipment. See Beverly, 863-9529.

The Rate For Classified Ads is 50¢ per line (26 spaces) or 3 lines free to any guild member
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drawing by James Sing

THE BUCK STOPS WHERE?

When the Board of Supervisors passed the Kopp Ordinance in January, Supervisor Robert Mendelsohn, of the Police, Fire, and Safety Committee (which had submitted the ordinance to the full Board) made a statement which led the Supervisors to approve unanimously the questionable law.

Mendelsohn said that he had met with representatives of the street artists, of the Downtown Association, and of the police and fire depart-

THE AUTOMATIC HUMAN JUKEBOX SPEAKS

ODE TO MY SIDEWALK SPACE

When I was young
you would be unyielding
to my fallen knee

I would yell "fuckyou sidewalk"
your smooth-coarse sandparticles
twinkling at the sun
oogling from cement sockets
earth sucking at the roots
at idealism pinnaced in flatness

now it's my stage
boundless sidewalk with a boundary
whoever gets here first wins the prize
but that was the old days
of thousands of merry performances
sidewalk
but the pressure increases
Keystone Kopp Ordinance Enforcers
come marching kloplop knock knock
armed with little yellow ruler and 38 specials
they inquire
"What's this?"
7 feet my box stands
"Ya got an entertainer's license?"
what's an anarchist musician supposta do?

Darting from squad cars to snap unethical pictures
no perfect race with musicians on sidewalks
waste the bagpiper, arrest the trumpeter,
shoot the piano player, crush the folk singer,
obliterate that drummer...
It could be MyLai, Beach Street San Francisco USA

Grimes Poznikov



photo by Carl Wilmington

ART AND CRAFT CLASSES

These class listings are free of charge to anyone teaching a class which might further the development of art on the streets. If you wish to be listed as a teacher, send a brief description of your class to: STREET ART NEWS, S.F.S.A.G., Box 42009, S.F., CA 94142.

BATIK

Classes in Batik. Please call Cece Gady for more information. 552-2855 or 552-0284.

Instruction in the ancient art of Batik as a fine art and as a craft. Students will make wall hangings and custom fabrics for all uses. Various dyes will be used. \$30 for six sessions, all materials included. Marjorie Berkowitz, 552-1439.

JEWELRY

Jewelry fabrication or casting 10 hrs. instruction for \$50.

Equipment supplied - day or eve. classes; Gordon Yarber 668-7279.

CERAMICS

Beginning and advanced instruction on the potter's wheel. Experienced teachers structure classes and emphasize learning the basics of throwing and glazing. \$25 for 4 consecutive lessons, 3 hours each once a week. \$35 for 8 consecutive lessons, 3 hours each twice a week. Call 587-4930 afternoons or evenings for starting dates and more information.

DYEING

All day Saturday or Sunday workshops geared to teach all the basics of working with natural dyes. Class includes preparation of wool, mordanting and dyeing with local and exotic plant dyes. \$15 covers all expenses except wool. Call Rhonda Zobel, 661-5124 eve.

PAINTING

Sketch & Paint: acrylic & oil painting classes. Instructor is a professional illustrator. A basic course in drawing, painting, & composition of

landscape, still life, and figure. W 7-9:30pm, Th 1:30-4. 4 lessons/\$20. Model fee extra. Felix Ferrero, 981-1164.

Watercolor workshop. Class for beginning and advanced students. Experience in all phases of watercolor painting including, landscape, seascape, and portraits. Morning and afternoon classes, 2 hours each. \$25 for 4 sessions. Ed Glafke, 982-5335.

Painting classes in oils and watercolors: portrait and landscape. Teacher has exhibited work at the Royal So-

ciety of Portrait Painters in London, the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, and the DeYoung Museum. Class fee is \$5 for 3 hours. Tuesday 7-10, Thursday 1-4, and Friday 1-4. Hilda Kidder. 771-6394.

WEAVING

Weaving class. All materials and loom included in fee. \$50 for six lessons twice a week, Monday and Wednesday. day or evening. Class is 3 hours long. Taught by Susan Levitt. Call 626-1777. Other textile and weaving classes also available.

DANCE

Non-stylized technique, natural approach to creative movement. Apprentice program. For class schedule, call Ann Halprin, 626-0414.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Classes in advanced and basic photography. For more information write: Ron Sugiyama, Box 665, S.F. 94101. Students will learn to shoot and develop in the 1884 photographic process known as tintype. Limit of four students per class. Fee open. Write: Ken Falkan, Box 201, Rio Nido, Ca. 95417; S.F. phone: 621-4958.

MISC.

For a reference person to answer questions about wood-working: Jerry Lee, 548-1093.

Instruction in doll house and doll house furniture making. For more information call Rick Rosmer, 583-4715.

ments to discuss the proposed legislation, and that as a result of that meeting he had decided to support the legislation as written, with the understanding that he would submit amendments to the Board to take care of the law's apparent shortcomings.

The logic behind this move (since legislation to regulate "Street Artist Activities" was supposedly essential) seemed to be that a half-baked proposal could be passed into law and that any bugs in the ordinance could always be sifted out later. Now, almost five months later, in spite of our attempts to encourage Mendelsohn to submit the promised amendments, street artists continue to struggle under a law which, in effect, denies us access to the prin-

cipal market place.

Responding to Mendelsohn's request that street artists draw up amendments which would make the ordinance more acceptable to them, a group of street artists including myself met with Supervisor Mendelsohn, Sergeant Roche of the police department, and Chief Casper of the fire department several months ago to discuss our proposed changes.

After keeping us all waiting in the conference room for over half an hour, Mendelsohn breezed in, glanced over our amendments, asked a few questions, ascertained that neither Casper nor Roche had any objections to the suggested changes, directed Sergeant Roche to (1) clear the amendments with the Police

Commission and the Downtown Association and (2) advise him of their respective opinions of the amendments; and then he breezed back out.

When I spoke to Sergeant Roche, a few weeks later, he informed me that the Police Commission had voiced no objections to our amendments but that they had asked to see the final draft of the amendments - after they had been submitted by Mendelsohn to the Police, Fire, and Safety Committee.

Roche further stated that he didn't consider it his responsibility to submit the amendments to the Downtown Association's lawyer and that if Supervisor Mendelsohn wanted that organization's opinion he ought to take care of the matter himself.

Consequently, almost five months after Mendelsohn's public promise to introduce Kopp Ordinance Amendments --- that promise being a key factor in the Board's unanimous passage of the ordinance --- the long-awaited amendments have yet to be brought up in committee.

Since Mendelsohn has attempted to pass the buck first to the street artists, next to the police department, and now (presumably) to the Downtown Association (never mind the dubious implications of that arrangement) street artists and other concerned citizens might do well to bombard the Supervisor with mail, letting him know that we are passing it back to him for immediate action.

---Cindy Green

CRACKDOWN (continued from front page)

of the Ordinance. Gene thought individual arrests wouldn't be effective in bringing the case to court sooner and urged mass defiance of the Kopp Ordinance: "This is a farce! This is an illusion! There are 200 of us here today for only 80 spaces! We've got to be together on this and stand up to them now!"

Dale Axelrod stood up next to him on the wall and disputed the point: "It seems to me that we've been set up here. We've been allowed to sell on both sides of the sidewalk so far at Beach Street and a mass bust would just be playing into their hands." Gene repeated his argument and urged a vote of a solidarity bust. There were a lot of shouts from the crowd. Some people wanted to test the law at Beach Street en masse, some wanted to avoid hassles there but try to open up Union Square with the people who didn't draw legal spots at Beach Street. Dale reiterated his view of the Guild position: "The Street Artist Guild does not advocate any violation of the Kopp Ordinance. We want to stay within the law and fight this suit."

There were already a lot of dark blue uniforms out in this bright May day. At the Ghirardelli corner of Larkin and Beach Patrolman Joe Giacomini was bullshitting with a couple of candle-makers. He told them their table was too big, and they produced a smaller one that fit into the three by four foot space. The candle-makers seemed a little uneasy, but they kept up a genial patter. Joe liked the Beach Street beat; he and his partner, Bill Dougherty, had been on it for almost four years now.

Next he crossed over to the park side of Beach Street and worked through the crowd to the wall where the Guild people were discussing tactics for the day. He stepped up on the wall next to Gene Agress and started out: "I want to make sure that everyone knows what's happening today." Gene assured the crowd, "He's an illusion." He was shouted down while Joe smiled patiently and waited for an audience: "We are just going to enforce the existing regulations today. What we're going to do is come down and check your licenses, your stands for sidewalk dimensions and the distance between stands. If you get a lottery number hold on to it - we're going to enforce the Kopp Ordinance. If somebody moves in between the lottery spaces ask him to leave - or we will."

This was new; explicit police recognition of the self-regulated Beach Street Lottery. It provoked a new round of arguments and harangues. Three different speakers urged votes on three different courses of action. There was the usual confusion typical of street artist meetings; you could hear a snatch of this argument then a snatch of that one. People you couldn't see yelled vague advice and you tried to piece it onto one of the arguments. The Lottery started in the midst of all the shouting and people quieted down, listening for their names to be drawn. After 45 minutes of discussion, the meeting ended inconclusively; it had never been easy to get street artists to act as a group, but the threat of police action seemed to have helped the Guild's membership table; there were new applications for membership that morning.

Gerry Felix, a potter I know, bounced out of the crowd exuberantly waving his lottery slip:

"Look at this number man, 16, outta fucking sight!"

"Well I guess you don't have to worry about squeezing in or hassling with the cops. What would you have done if you'd gotten a high number today?"

"Man, I would have split, I can't afford to go to jail. I've got to sell my stuff but I can't do that while I'm hassling with the cops, anyway."

I spotted Ed McKibben down the street and approached him about a picture to run with an interview I did with him. He refused to let me take his picture but invited me into the office to talk about the street artists. Ed McKibben and Al Dunbar are directors of the NORPRO Gallery, across Beach Street from the street artists. When I talked with them in April, they were convinced that the street artists were threatening their business and others' on Fisherman's Wharf and hinted at some kind of confrontation. Now, with business booming and a show of Dali prints selling briskly, they took a more sanguine view.

Still, Al didn't want his picture taken: "I'm very hesitant about having my picture taken and I'll tell you why. I used to be a very notorious character in this town; I used to run the Peppermint Tree up on Broadway. And now whenever my picture appears in the paper, old creditors pop up and I get lawsuits coming out of my ears."

I agreed not to take his picture and Al settled into a monologue about the street artist/merchant antagonisms. He expected a crackdown because a lot of the merchants in the neighborhood had complained to Supervisor Kopp and to the police that the new ordinance wasn't being obeyed. Norpro had had a good month though, and he saw the street artists as less of a threat. "It's obvious though, that when the weather's good we do lose some foot traffic to them. It's no coincidence that our biggest time has been these last two weeks with all the bad weather on the weekends."

Across the street from Norpro, Tom Guarino was waiting to get cited and he was pissed off. It was 11:30 and the police had been by twice ignoring his stand which was 5 feet long - 1 foot longer than allowed by the Kopp Ordinance. He was angry at the police for not citing him yet and at the Guild for not getting the suit into court yet. He hadn't come to get arrested; he and his wife were building a legal stand. But when he heard

there was going to be a crackdown and that nobody was going to resist it, he decided that he'd had enough.

"I'm ready. I'm clean, I have a license and an Art Commission certification, I've followed all their new rules. But I want to stand up for my rights. I'm tired of taking all this lying down. It's been three months since the ordinance went into effect and we don't even have a court date. I think we need a test case to get this into criminal court and get these things moving. I just don't like to see the supervisors getting away with taking away something we won by popular vote!"

While he was talking, the crowd started to buzz by Hyde Street. Five policemen were moving down the street towards Tom's leather stand, stopping to measure each stand. A TV news camera and several photographers followed them while they asked all street artists for their licenses, then checked their displays with a tape measure. The police and the cameras attracted a throng of the curious: a genuine news event. Probably a lot of these people watched the TV news that night, looking for themselves.

While the police with their entourage drew nearer, Gene Agress yelled down to Tom, asking if he was going to take a bust. Tom nodded and Gene said he'd take one too. When Officer Joe Giacomini reached his stand, Gene pulled out a card table and began to set it up between his stand and the next one, 5 feet away. Giacomini asked, "You're not planning to sell there, are you?" Gene replied, "Yes, I intend to." Giacomini said simply, "Don't," and moved on down the line.

When he reached Tom's display of belts and buckles, he measured the length, looked up at Tom and said, "You'll have to cut this down, it's a foot too long." Tom replied calmly that he was going to leave it the way it was. "Then I'll have to cite you. May I see your I.D. and license, please?" Giacomini leaned on a car roof and started to write the citation. Tom said quietly, "I wouldn't do this if my living weren't at stake." Giacomini replied almost apologetically, "Well you have to see it from my point of view, I have to enforce the law as it stands." Tom said that he understood that and responded politely to the citation questions.

Tom was apparently the first citation; everyone else had moved or cut down their stands. The word spread quickly and a large crowd formed around the two men. Channel 4's Jack Bates came over with a notebook and his cameraman, and Gene popped up to tell him why there was a confrontation today. Bates didn't write much while Gene was talking. Tom's wife Adele leaned against the car, her arms folded.

Dale Axelrod, Secretary of the Street Artist Guild, approached Bates and explained the legal background of the crackdown and Tom's resistance to it. Dale had tried to dissuade Tom from taking the bust. He pointed out that even criminal cases can stretch out 6-9 months, and that Tom with two kids and another due in three months would have a much harder time of it than most people. Finally Giacomini finished writing his citation and warned Tom that he would be arrested if he was still there on their next pass down the street. Bates and the cameraman closed in on Tom for a short interview, then caught up with the police sweep.

Nobody else was refusing to comply. Forty or fifty people who on previous weekends had set up between the lottery stands avoided the confrontation by simply leaving without trying to sell anything, and the remaining squeeze-betweens left the first time they were asked to. People with oversized stands took away boxes or found smaller tables. When Michael Felsner was told that his wooden display rack for leather hats was 18 inches too long, he got out a saw and cut 9 inches off each side. After their second eastward sweep of the sidewalks, there were about 75 crafts displays where a week earlier there had been perhaps 125.

Lieutenant Robert Mucci of the Central Police Station led the sweep and was satisfied by 1:30 that they had cleared the streets. "We had some complaints from the merchants so we got five officers out to tighten things up here today: Mario, the regular beat man, Bill Dougherty and Joe Giacomini, who patrol this area in a radio car, and Sgt. Shank and myself. Things look pretty good - a few violations but they seem to be complying."

Tom Guarino was also satisfied but for different reasons. He reduced his stand to one third its former size and continued selling - displaying fewer belts and buckles, though. "I'm glad something's finally going to happen now. They knocked us out of Union Square and drove half of us out of here today. The way things are going they'd have us all off the streets or at each other's throats by mid-summer. Now at least I get a chance to get into court with our side of the story."



photo by Richard Minasali

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